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VULTURE in the NEST

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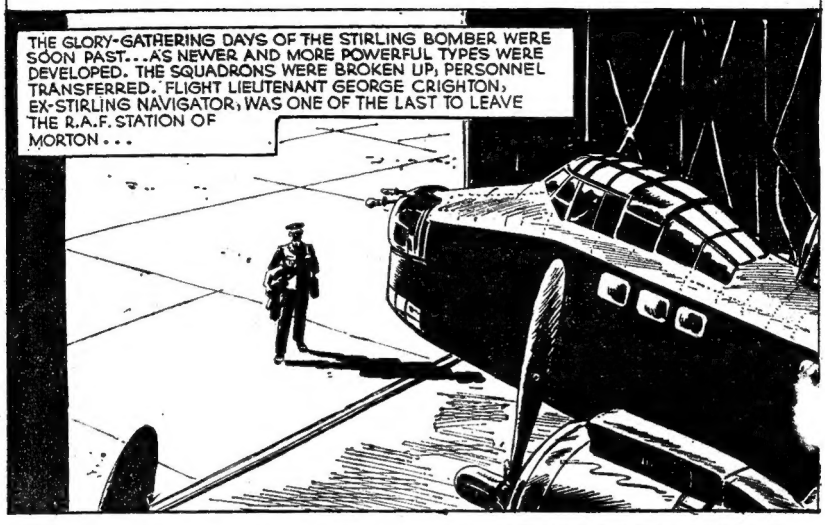
Chapter 1. BIRTH of a LEGEND



THE WAY TO THE GARAGE LAY PAST THE STATION CEMETERY. CRIGHTON'S ATTENTION WAS DRAWN TO A NEWISH GRAVE CLOSE TO THE LOW WALL BOUNDING THE GRAVEYARD.
THIS STONE IS ALL THAT MOST PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER HIM BY, BUT TO THOSE WHO KNEW HIM, HE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN...
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT
J. VAN RIJN
D. F. C.
A MARBLE SLAB AND A POSTHUMOUS MEDAL—AND EVEN THE MEDAL WAS NOT THE ONE HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN AWARDED!
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT
J. VAN RIJN
D. F. C.
HE LIVED AND DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY

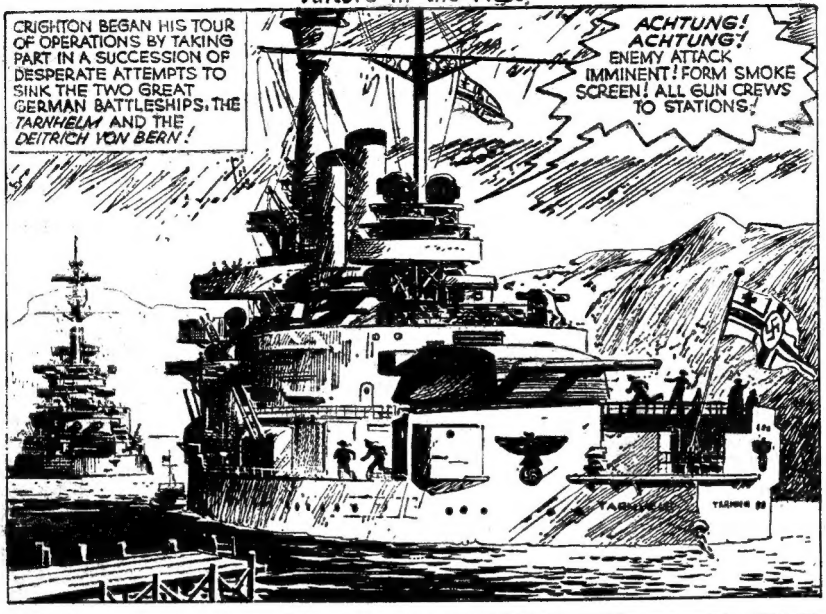
HIS MEMORY BEGAN TO GO BACK... FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, IT LINGERED AS FAR BACK AS THE SUMMER OF 1939. HE WAS IN GERMANY WITH A COMPANION, WATCHING GERMAN TROOPS MARCHING BY.
THESE DEDICATED, FANATICALLY TRAINED YOUNG MEN CAN CONQUER EUROPE! WHO IS THERE TO STOP THEM NOW?
ENGLAND CERTAINLY CAN'T... SHE'S TOTALLY UNPREPARED.
Heil Hitler!

THEN, HIS MEMORY MOVED ON TO THE AUTUMN OF THAT TROUBLED YEAR. CRIGHTON WAS BACK AT OXFORD. HE WAS A DON THERE — A LECTURER IN GERMAN . . .
SO IT'S COME AT LAST! I'VE BEEN FLYING WITH THE UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON SO THE BEST THING I CAN DO IS VOLUNTEER FOR THE R.A.F. . . .
WORLD WAR DECLARED
GREAT BRITAIN

BY THE END OF 1940, GEORGE CRIGHTON WAS A TRAINED NAVIGATOR IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE. HAVING PASSED OUT TOP OF HIS CLASS, HE WAS POSTED TO MORTON, TO A SQUADRON EQUIPPED WITH THE NEW FOUR-ENGINED STIRLINGS.
THEY'RE GIGANTIC! — THIS REALLY *WILL* MAKE HOLES IN THE NAZI WAR MACHINE . . . OH, MY POOR GERMANY!
CRIGHTON LOVED GERMANY — ITS RIVERS, ITS FORESTS AND ITS ANCIENT CULTURE. HIS HEART BLED TO THINK OF THE DESTRUCTION THAT MUST COME.

VERY SOON HE WAS INTRODUCED TO FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT JAN VAN RIJN, WHO WAS TO BE HIS PILOT. CRIGHTON IMMEDIATELY CAME UNDER THE SPELL OF THE BLONDE SIX-FOOTER, AS MASSIVE IN SIZE AND CHARACTER AS THE GREAT PLANE HE FLEW.
GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH ME, CRIGHTON! YOU'VE A REPUTATION FOR *PRECISION*, I HEAR. THAT WILL BE INVALUABLE... I WANT TO MAKE THIS A CRACK CREW.
VAN RIJN IS A SOUTH AFRICAN, IN CASE YOU ARE WONDERING, CRIGHTON.

GEORGE CRIGHTON SENSED AT ONCE THAT VAN RIJN WAS A BORN LEADER—AND HE WARMED TO THE OTHER'S WELCOME.
WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHO WE ARE OR WHERE WE COME FROM? IT'S THE JOB *AHEAD* THAT IS IMPORTANT!


CRIGHTON BEGAN HIS TOUR OF OPERATIONS BY TAKING PART IN A SUCCESSION OF DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO SINK THE TWO GREAT GERMAN BATTLESHIPS, THE TARNHELM AND THE DEITRICH VON BERN!
ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG! ENEMY ATTACK IMMINENT! FORM SMOKE SCREEN! ALL GUN CREWS TO STATIONS!

CRIGHTON REMEMBERED THE HEART-CHILLING YET THRILLING BRIEFINGS FOR THOSE RAIDS... AND HE REMEMBERED VAN RUN—LEANING ACROSS TO WHISPER IN HIS EAR.
WE'VE JUST HEARD THEY'VE MOVED TO BERGENFLUL... SO WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER CRACK AT THEM! NOW, YOU NAVIGATORS, EACH AIRCRAFT WILL SET COURSE INDEPENDENTLY...
DON'T FORGET, GEORGE, WE'RE GOING TO GET THERE FIRST, AREN'T WE?

"Z FOR ZEBRA" SOON PROVED TO HAVE THE CRACK CREW THAT VAN RUN WANTED. THEY SWIFTLY GAINED THE REPUTATION OF ALWAYS BEING THE FIRST AIRCRAFT OVER THE TARGET AREA.
NAVIGATOR TO SKIPPER! WE'VE JUST PASSED OVER SKEGGERET AYOT— THREE MINUTES QUICKER THAN ON THE LAST TRIP. TURN ON TO COURSE ZERO-NINE-ONE — NOW!
ZERO-NINE-ONE, ROGER! THANKS, GEORGE! SKIPPER TO ENGINEER! COULD YOU SQUEEZE JUST A FEW MORE REVS? WE WERE FIRST LAST TIME, AND BY HARRY — WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!

CRIGHTON REMEMBERED THOSE LONG, EXACTING HOURS OF PLOTTING THEIR COURSE — AND THE EVER PRESENT FEAR AT THE BACK OF THE MIND.
REAR GUNNER HERE... COUPLE OF BANDITS COMING UP, SKIPPER! STARBOARD QUARTER.
ROGER— I'M TAKING EVASIVE ACTION! TURNING TO PORT— KEEP ME POSTED ON THEIR POSITION.

HOW WELL CRIGHTON KNEW THAT STRANGE SENSATION OF LIGHTNESS, AS THE PLANE FIRST BEGAN TO DIVE.
THEN THE FEELING OF BEING CRUSHED INTO ONE'S SEAT AS VAN RIJN WOULD "CORKSCREW" UPWARDS TO ALLOW HIS GUNNERS THE MAXIMUM ADVANTAGE.

IT WAS INCREDIBLE HOW THE SOUTH AFRICAN COULD THROW THE COLOSSAL AIRCRAFT ABOUT THE SKY.
MISSED HIM... HERE COMES THE OTHER! DOWN PORT— GO!
ANY MOMENT NOW!
CRIGHTON'S FLESH WOULD TINGLE, WAITING FOR THE WHITE-HOT IMPACT OF UNSEEN BULLETS TO SMASH THROUGH HIS UNPROTECTED BODY... BUT THE BULLETS NEVER CAME.

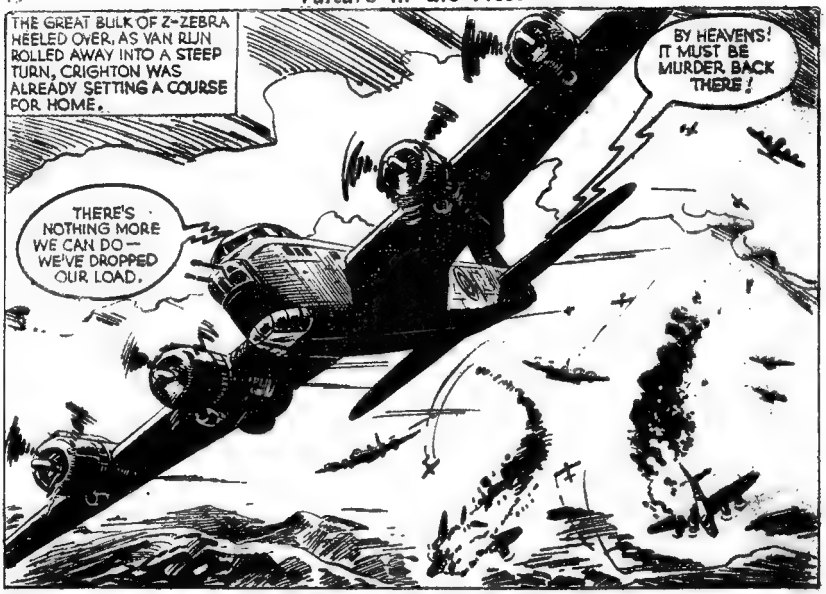
HE REMEMBERED THE JOYOUS CRY FROM ONE OF THE GUNNERS WHEN THE ACTION WAS OVER.
THEY'VE SHEERED OFF! THEY CAN'T TAKE IT!
DID YOU GET EITHER OF THEM?
NO, 'FRAID NOT, SKIPPER! YES, BY JINGO, ONE OF THEM IS HIT! IT'S A FLAMER!
WHAT'S THAT— YOU DID GET ONE?
SUDDENLY SMOKE HAD APPEARED FROM ONE OF THE FLEEING MESSERSCHMITTS. IT ROLLED OVER AND BURST INTO FLAMES.

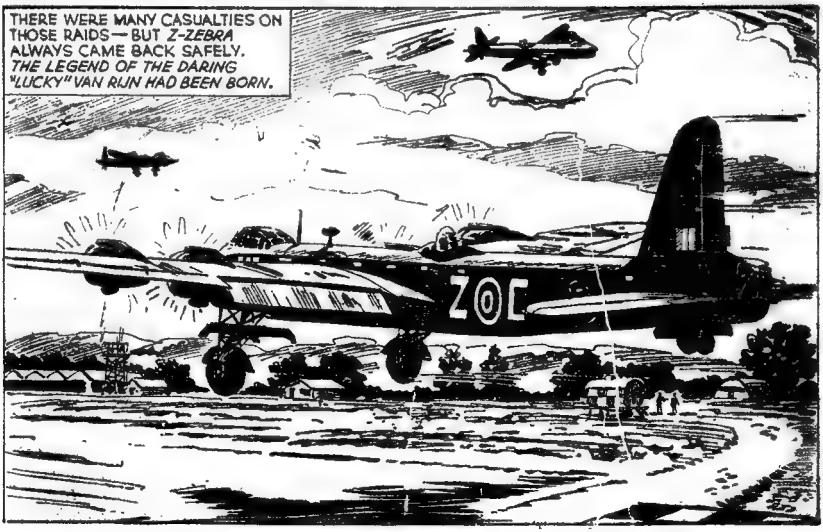
CRIGHTON WAS AMAZED, AT FIRST, TO DISCOVER THE APPARENTLY SENSITIVE CORE THAT LAY BEHIND VAN RIJN'S TOUGH, RUGGED EXTERIOR. THERE WAS PITY IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN'S VOICE.
HE LEFT IT TOO LATE! POOR FRITZ! ANOTHER DEAD HERO FOR THE FATHERLAND... SORRY — I SHOULD HAVE SAID, 'GOOD SHOOTING', STEVENS!
HE FEELS REGRET EVEN AT A *GERMAN'S* DEATH! YET IT DOESN'T AFFECT HIS OWN AGGRESSIVE ATTITUDE.

BUT PERHAPS THE MOST COLOURFUL OF THE CREW MEMBERS WAS JULIAN SAINT-CLÈRE, THE FLIGHT-SERGEANT CO-PILOT. HE WORE THE FLASHES OF FREE FRANCE ON HIS SHOULDERS... AND HATED ALL GERMANS WITH UNDISGUISED VENOM.
SKIPPER, THOSE NAZI BRUTES HAVE MURDERED MY POOR FRANCE... HOW CAN YOU FEEL LIKE THAT ABOUT A DEAD BOCHE PILOT?
BECAUSE HE LIVES LIKE *WE* DO — UNDER STRAIN AND FEAR... AND BECAUSE HE DIED LIKE ONE OF US MIGHT DIE, IN A BURNING COFFIN — *FOR HIS COUNTRY!*

THEN CAME THE MOMENT WHEN TALKING AND ARGUMENT CEASED. THEY WOULD ARRIVE OVER THE TARGET AREA . . . A HORRIBLE EXPECTANT FEELING GNAWED AT THE STOMACH . . .
NAVIGATOR HERE, SKIPPER... WE SHOULD BE COMING UP NOW.
WE *ARE* — I CAN JUST SEE THEM! THE FLAK HASN'T WOKEN UP YET.
BUT THEY'VE *SEEN* US! LOOK, THEY'RE LAYING THEIR CONFOUNDED *SMOKE* AGAIN!
IT WAS SO OFTEN THE SAME WHEN THEY *DID* GET THERE... A THICK SMOKE SCREEN BEGAN TO WREATHE OVER THE BATTLESHIPS.
THEY'RE SO BLOOMING QUICK WITH IT! BY THE TIME WE GET THERE, THE SHIPS WILL BE OBSCURED AGAIN!
SKIPPER HERE! I'M GOING STRAIGHT IN... THERE'S JUST A CHANCE!

THEY COULD NOW SEE NOTHING BUT SMOKE...YET, MIRACULOUSLY, THERE WAS STILL VERY LITTLE FLAK COMING UP TO MEET THEM.
BOMBS GONE! BUT I HAVEN'T A CLUE WHERE THEY LAND...D!
VERY SOON THE OTHER STIRLINGS WERE OVER THE TARGET BEHIND THEM.
THERE GOES THE FLAK NOW! RIGHT IN AMONGST THE OTHERS! THE JERRY GUNNERS HAVE WOKEN UP AT LAST!
AND LOOK! HERE COME THE MESSERSCHMITTS, AS WELL!


THE GREAT BULK OF Z-ZEBRA HEELED OVER, AS VAN RIJN ROLLED AWAY INTO A STEEP TURN, CRIGHTON WAS ALREADY SETTING A COURSE FOR HOME.
BY HEAVENS! IT MUST BE MURDER BACK THERE!
THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO— WE'VE DROPPED OUR LOAD.


THERE WERE MANY CASUALTIES ON THOSE RAIDS— BUT Z-ZEBRA ALWAYS CAME BACK SAFELY. THE LEGEND OF THE DARING "LUCKY" VAN RIJN HAD BEEN BORN.
ZOE

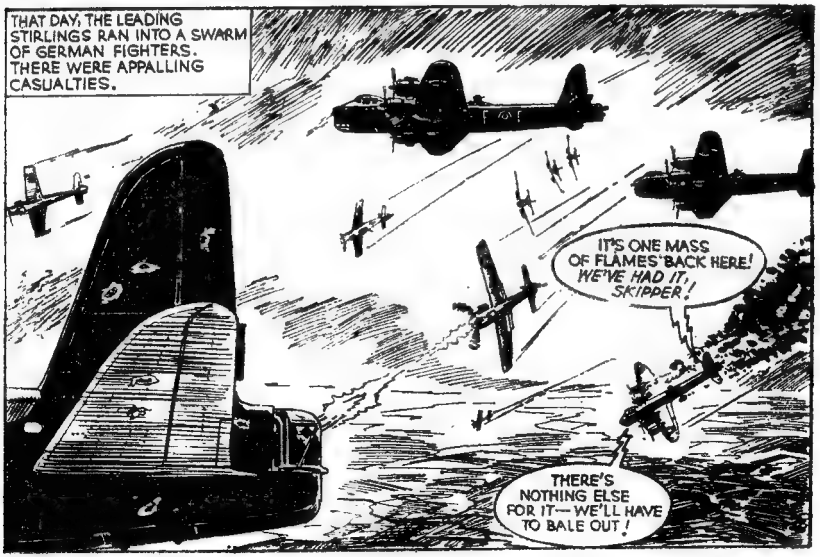
IN THE LOCKER ROOM, ON THEIR RETURN, THE CREWS WOULD OFTEN SWAP EXPERIENCES. CRIGHTON REMEMBERED WHEN ONE OF THE OTHERS HAD COME UP TO THEIR OWN CO-PILOT.
IT WAS ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, JULIAN— YOU'RE WITH 'LUCKY' VAN RUN! BUT *WE* CAUGHT A PACKET. HAD TO RELEASE OUR BOMBS OVER THE FRENCH COAST — TRIED TO LAND THEM ON SOME JERRY GUNS.
JULIAN IMMEDIATELY FLARED UP, HIS EYES FLASHING.
YOU DARE TO TELL *ME* THAT! HASN'T MY BELOVED FRANCE SUFFERED ENOUGH ALREADY, WITHOUT SOME FOOL LIKE YOU DROPPING BOMBS ON HER?
I SAY, STEADY THERE! I DIDN'T MEAN—

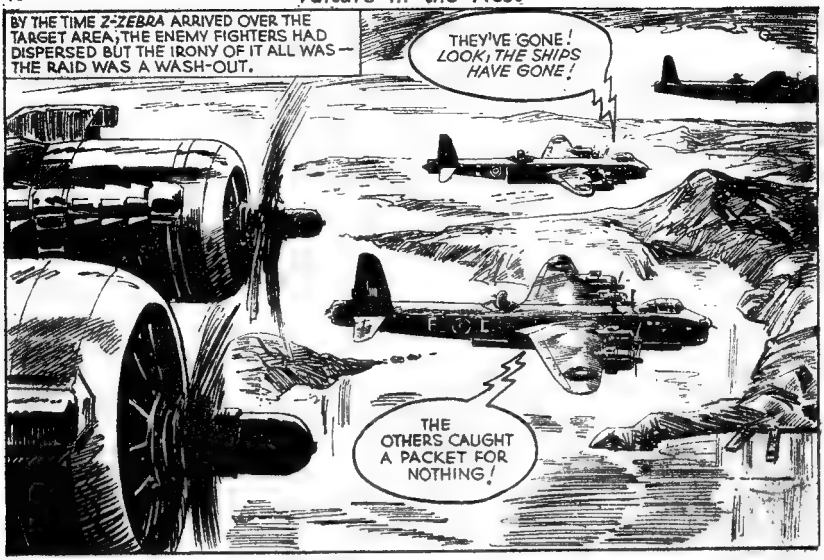
CRIGHTON QUICKLY STEPPED BETWEEN ST.CLERE AND THE OTHER FLYER.
TAKE IT EASY, JULIAN. WE ALL KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT FRANCE. LEAVE THE FIGHTING TILL WE COME UP AGAINST JERRY.
YOU ARE RIGHT, GEORGE. I APOLOGISE, MON AMI!
PHEW! THAT'S OKAY, OLD BOY! SORRY I SPOKE!

ON THE WAY OUT, "NOSEY" PARKS TURNED TO CRIGHTON WITH THAT INFURIATING "KNOW-IT-ALL" MANNER OF HIS.
YOU KNOW, GEORGE, JULIAN ISN'T FRENCH AT ALL—HE WAS BORN IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. I BELIEVE HIS NAME IS REALLY SINCLAIR.
SO WHAT? IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME—JULIAN KNOWS HIS JOB AND THAT'S WHAT MATTERS!

VAN RIJN, WHO HAD OVERHEARD, INTERRUPTED ALMOST CURTLY.
IT'S JULIAN'S OWN BUSINESS WHICH COUNTRY HE BELONGS TO... SO STOP BEING NOSEY, NED. WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER!
IT WAS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN'S EVIDENT FAIRNESS, FOR CRIGHTON KNEW VAN RIJN AND ST. CLERE DIDN'T SEE EYE TO EYE, ABOUT MANY THINGS.

THERE WAS ONE OCCASION WHEN *Z-ZEBRA* WAS NOT THE FIRST OVER THE TARGET...
I'M TAKING IT EASY, CHAPS, TODAY... THOUGHT WE MIGHT HAVE A QUICK LOOK AT TROUVILLE ON THE WAY OVER. I ONCE SPENT A HOLIDAY THERE.
SPLENDID, SKIPPER — EVEN A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FRANCE SUITS ME!
AFTER THEIR DIVERSION THEY WERE WELL BEHIND THE MAIN FORCE OF STIRLINGS.


THAT DAY, THE LEADING STIRLINGS RAN INTO A SWARM OF GERMAN FIGHTERS. THERE WERE APPALLING CASUALTIES.
IT'S ONE MASS OF FLAMES BACK HERE! WE'VE HAD IT, SKIPPER!
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT — WE'LL HAVE TO BALE OUT!


BY THE TIME Z-ZEBRA ARRIVED OVER THE TARGET AREA, THE ENEMY FIGHTERS HAD DISPERSED BUT THE IRONY OF IT ALL WAS — THE RAID WAS A WASH-OUT.
THEY'VE GONE! LOOK, THE SHIPS HAVE GONE!
THE OTHERS CAUGHT A PACKET FOR NOTHING!

THE TRAGIC OPERATION GAVE EXTRA WEIGHT TO THE LEGEND OF VAN RIJN'S GOOD FORTUNE.
HERE COMES VAN RIJN! NOT A BULLET-HOLE IN THE WHOLE KITE!

Chapter 2 SPY SCARE

SOON, EVERYONE KNEW THAT THERE WAS A BIG SECURITY CHECK-UP AROUND THE STATION. A NUMBER OF AIRCREW AND GROUND STAFF WERE QUESTIONED IN TURN.
I SAY, ADJ. WHAT IS ALL THIS?
SORRY, CAN'T SAY! JUST A FEW QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ANSWER. IT WON'T TAKE LONG.
STATION

THE QUESTIONS HAD SEEMED HARMLESS ENOUGH BUT CRUGHTON REMEMBERED THE CHILL THAT HAD SOMEHOW CREPT INTO HIS HEART AND HE WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE.
HECK! DON'T WE GET ENOUGH FROM ENEMY FIGHTERS AND FLAK, WITHOUT OUR OWN BODS SNOOPING ON US!
THEY MUST BE AFTER A *SPY*! ANYONE WOULD THINK THEY SUSPECTED ONE OF US!
NOBODY IMPLIED THAT...

ON THAT PARTICULAR RAID, THE STIRLINGS WERE RECALLED FROM HALF WAY OUT—IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.
RADIO OPERATOR TO SKIPPER! CONTROL HAVE JUST COME THROUGH... APPARENTLY THE SHIPS HAVE GONE AGAIN... WE'RE TO RETURN TO BASE.
THANKS, NED! CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY AFTER WHAT WE RAN INTO LAST TIME.
BUT NOT MANY HOURS AFTER THEIR RETURN, A RECONNAISSANCE MOSQUITO CAME INTO LAND AT MORTON. IT HAD BEEN OVER THE TARGET AREA.

ITS PILOT AND OBSERVER REPORTED PERSONALLY TO THE STATION COMMANDER.
THE BATTLESHIPS ARE STILL THERE, SIR! LOOK, YOU CAN SEE THE PHOTOGRAPHS... THEY'VE REMAINED AT ANCHOR SINCE THEY ARRIVED TWO DAYS AGO.
SO WE WERE RIGHT! THAT RECALL WAS DELIBERATE!

AFTER THE MOSQUITO CREW HAD LEFT, THE SECURITY OFFICER, SQUADRON-LEADER WILLIAMS, TURNED TO THE STATION COMMANDER.
YES, IT CAME FROM A PIRATE STATION, USING YOUR FREQUENCY, SIR — BUT HOW THE DEVIL DID THEY LEARN YOUR FREQUENCY!
WELL, WE CAN STOP THAT HAPPENING AGAIN — BUT THAT'S NOT THE IMPORTANT THING...

...UNLESS THERE'S BEEN SOME EXCEEDINGLY CARELESS TALK...THEN WE'VE GOT A TRAITOR OR AN AGENT IN OUR MIDST! THAT MEANS EITHER IN CONTROL STAFF OR AMONG THE AIRCREW. IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

WILLIAMS, I DON'T WANT MY CHAPS CRACKING UP THROUGH THIS EXTRA STRAIN. WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS MATTER UP — AND QUICK!
IT'LL BE A LONG JOB BY ROUTINE INVESTIGATION. BUT PERHAPS WE CAN FORCE THE PACE A LITTLE. I THINK YOU'D BETTER LET ME TALK TO THEM, SIR...
THE NEXT EVENING ALL THE STIRLING AIRCREW WERE ASSEMBLED IN THE BRIEFING ROOM.
I SAY — WHAT'S ALL THIS FLAP ABOUT?
QUIET, GENTLEMEN — AND LISTEN!... I WANT TO INTRODUCE SQUADRON-LEADER WILLIAMS OF SECURITY BRANCH.

WILLIAMS DID NOT BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH...
...THERE IS A PARTICULAR MAN ON THE STATION WE SUSPECT; AND WE'LL GET HIM SOON. IN THE MEANTIME, WATCH YOUR TONGUES MORE THAN EVER! NOW, I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO ONE OF YOUR OWN CHAPS, WHO'LL EXPLAIN SOME NEW PRECAUTIONS ON WIRELESS PROCEDURE.
LATER, A MAN WORKING IN THE NAAFI WAS HELD FOR QUESTIONING...
SO *THAT'S* THE CHAP THEY'RE AFTER! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE ASKED TOO MANY QUESTIONS, WHEN WE WENT TO BUY THINGS.
WHEN IT COMES TO ASKING TOO MANY QUESTIONS, 'NOSEY' PARKS — *YOU'RE* HARDLY ONE TO TALK!

BUT THE MAN WAS RELEASED THAT SAME DAY...
WELL, HE DIDN'T GIVE MUCH AWAY! STILL, I'M DARNED SURE HE'S IMPLICATED — PROBABLY A GO-BETWEEN OF SOME SORT.
YES, WE'LL LET HIM GO — BUT HAVE HIM CLOSELY WATCHED. HE'S NERVOUS AND I THINK HE'LL LEAD US ON TO THE BIGGER FISH.

THE SECURITY POLICE, HOWEVER, DID NOT KEEP WATCH ON HIM QUITE AS CLOSELY AS THEY SHOULD HAVE DONE...
AH! WHO THE...?
SO YOU TALKED, DID YOU...!

NO — *I DIDN'T!* I TELL YOU... *AAAAAAAAA!*
THIS WILL SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU TREACHEROUS LITTLE SWINE!

THAT MUFFLED SCREAM OF TERROR REACHED THE EARS OF THE SECURITY POLICE...
LISTEN! WHAT WAS THAT?
QUICK! IT CAME FROM THERE — THE NAAFI HUTS!
THEY WERE TOO LATE — THE SUSPECT HAD BEEN STRANGLED... THEN SQUADRON-LEADER WILLIAMS, WITH THE STATION COMMANDER, ARRIVED.
SORRY, SIR! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT PAST US!
YOU FOOLS! HELLO, WHAT'S THAT, SIR — A SCARF? THE MURDERER MUST HAVE LEFT IT BEHIND!
IT — IT'S A WHITE FLYING SCARF!

NEXT DAY, ANOTHER RAID WAS SCHEDULED AND SQUADRON-LEADER WILLIAMS AND A POLICE INSPECTOR WAITED OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM.
YOU SAY THESE CHAPS WEAR THEIR SCARVES ONLY FOR FLYING? GOOD, THIS IS WHERE WE SHOULD CATCH HIM!
I WONDER...
SQUADRON

THE FIRST MAN TO COME OUT IN HIS FLYING KIT WAS VAN RIJN. THE INSPECTOR NOTICED AT ONCE WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.
AH-HA! WE'VE GOT HIM FIRST GO, I FANCY!
BUT THAT'S VAN RIJN, THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR OF OUR STIRLING PILOTS.

THE INSPECTOR WENT UP TO RIJN—AND SPOKE TO HIM POLITELY, AS HIS PROFESSION DEMANDED.
EXCUSE ME, SIR— BUT I NOTICE YOU'VE NO FLYING SCARF. HAVE YOU LOST IT, BY ANY CHANCE?
I HAVE, AS A MATTER OF FACT— HAVE YOU FOUND IT?
FAMOUS NAMES AND REPUTATIONS MEANT NOTHING TO THE POLICE...: IT LOOKED A VERY AWKWARD MOMENT FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN!

BUT SUDDENLY OTHER VOICES WERE HEARD; VOICES RAISED IN ANGER.
I SAY— WHICH OF YOU BLIGHTERS HAS TAKEN MY SCARF?
I'VE LOST MINE, AS WELL!
SOME THIEF'S BEEN THROUGH OUR LOCKERS...
37th SQUADRON

THE TWO INVESTIGATORS WATCHED MOROSELY AS THE AIRCREWS DROVE OFF TO THE DISPERSAL AREAS. ALTOGETHER, AT LEAST TWELVE SCARVES WERE MISSING.
HANG IT! WE'VE LOST THAT TRAIL, AS SOON AS WE FOUND IT. WHOEVER THE MURDERER WAS — HE COVERED UP PRETTY QUICKLY.

Chapter 3 SUSPICION

ALL THE SAME, HE WISHES THAT THEIR SUSPICIONS SHOULD BE ALLAYED HE SUGGESTS THAT, IF NECESSARY, GERMAN LIVES MUST BE SACRIFICED.
AH, YES... YES, I AGREE — HIS WORK IS FAR TOO IMPORTANT TO BE PREJUDICED. IT MUST BE CONTINUED AT ALL COSTS...

IN COMMON WITH OTHERS IN THE SQUADRON, CRIGHTON'S NERVES BEGAN TO BE AFFECTED BY THE AURA OF SUSPICION.
IF ANYONE ENQUIRED, THEY COULD CHECK THAT I WAS A GERMAN SCHOLAR, AN OXFORD DON AND ALL THAT! QUITE ABOVE BOARD... BUT I THINK PERHAPS I'D BETTER GET RID OF THESE BOOKS IN GERMAN...

HE DECIDED TO PACK THE BOOKS AND SEND THEM BACK TO HIS COLLEGE FOR HE HAD NO OTHER HOME IN ENGLAND.
WITH ALL THIS FLAP ON; IF THEY FOUND ME READING *GERMAN* BOOKS, THEY MIGHT BECOME SUSPICIOUS — *HECK! WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?*

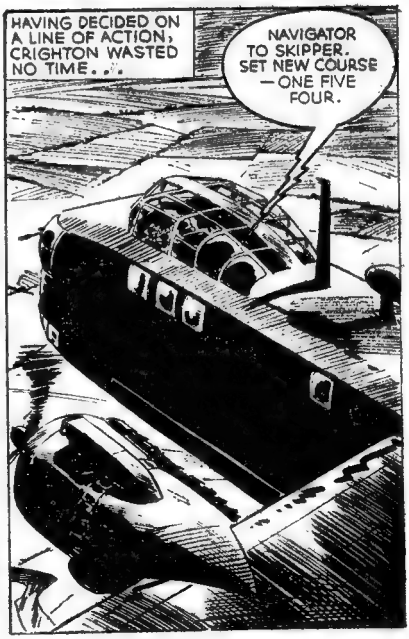
HE SPRANG TO THE DOOR... BUT THE PASSAGE OUTSIDE WAS EMPTY.
IT SOUNDED LIKE FOOTSTEPS GOING AWAY, BUT PERHAPS IT WASN'T. I'M GETTING JUMPY.
377 SQUADRON

EARLY NEXT MORNING, HE DROVE TO THE RAILWAY STATION AND DESPATCHED HIS BOOKS. ON THE WAY OUT FROM THE PARCELS OFFICE, HE SAW AN R.A.F. CAR DRIVING OUT FROM THE YARD.
POST OFFICE
I'M SURE THAT CAR WAS FOLLOWING ME WHEN I CAME INTO TOWN. BLAZES!
BUT IF ANYONE HAD BEEN WATCHING HIS MOVEMENTS, NOTHING WAS SAID WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE STATION.
THAT AFTERNOON, THE STIRLINGS SET OFF ON ANOTHER RAID. IT WAS NOT TO BE THE BATTLESHIPS THIS TIME, BUT A TARGET IN GERMANY.

ON THE WAY OVER, "NOSEY" PARKS SEEMED TO BE ASKING QUESTION AFTER QUESTION... AND CRIGHTON FOUND HIM MORE IRRITATING THAN EVER.
I SAY, NAV., WHERE *ARE* WE EXACTLY? OH, I SEE — THANKS! THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW.
LOOK, NOSEY, GET TO HECK OUT OF HERE, AND LEAVE ME ALONE! I'VE A LOT TO DO
NOT MANY MOMENTS LATER, CRIGHTON NOTICED "NOSEY" PARKS TWIST THE DIALS OF HIS WIRELESS SET AND THEN LISTEN CAREFULLY.
AH, THERE IT IS AGAIN! SEEMS TO COME IN PHASES. BETTER CHECK THE CODES... MUST GET IT DOWN...
PUZZLED, THE NAVIGATOR WATCHED "NOSEY" WRITE SOMETHING DOWN.

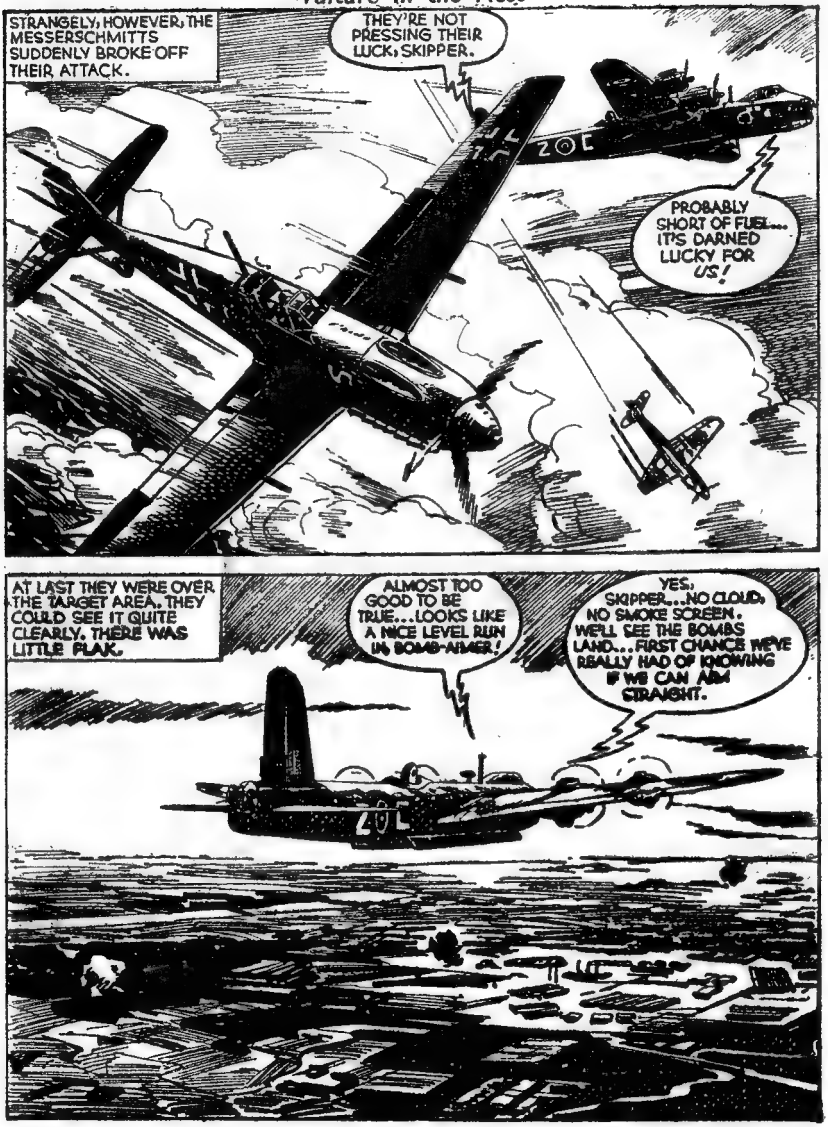
CRIGHTON EDGED QUIETLY UP BEHIND "NOSEY." WHAT THE RADIO OPERATOR HAD WRITTEN DOWN MADE HIM CATCH HIS BREATH.
BY GEORGE! I'M ON TO SOMETHING AT LAST!

WIFTLY AND SILENTLY, CRIGHTON CREPT BACK TO HIS PLOTTING TABLE, HIS MIND REELING WITH THE IMPLICATION OF WHAT HE HAD WITNESSED.
I'M PRETTY SURE I'VE FOUND THE SPY BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST! I'VE GOT TO TAKE ACTION BEFORE ALL OF US ARE IN TROUBLE!


HAVING DECIDED ON A LINE OF ACTION, CRIGHTON WASTED NO TIME...
NAVIGATOR TO SKIPPER. SET NEW COURSE —ONE FIVE FOUR.

AT FIRST, RUN DID NOT ANSWER AND WHEN HE DID, HE WAS OBVIOUSLY RELUCTANT TO MAKE THE CHANGE.
COURSE ONE FIVE FOUR... DID YOU GET THAT, SKIPPER?
YES, I HEARD YOU, NAVIGATOR... ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE WISE? YOU KNOW WE HAD OUR ROUTE WORKED OUT BEFOREHAND.
BUT CRIGHTON PERSISTED.
I THINK IT'LL BE QUICKER, SKIPPER...
VERY WELL — AFTER ALL, IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. TURNING NOW. COURSE ONE FIVE FOUR — IT IS!
SUDDENLY, THEY RAN INTO HEAVY FLAK.
AAAAGH!
BLAZES — THEY'VE GOT OUR HEIGHT!
THE MID-UPPER GUNNER WAS BADLY WOUNDED BY FLYING SHRAPNEL FROM ONE OF THE BURSTS.

THEY HAD NOT LONG GOT CLEAR OF THAT UNPLEASANT AREA, WHEN THEY WERE ATTACKED BY FIGHTERS.
BANDITS, SKIPPER! TO STARBOARD — CLOSING.
HELL'S BELLS! JUST WHEN WE'VE LOST HARRY! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE EVASIVE ACTION. REAR GUNNER; THEY'RE *YOURS!*


STRANGELY, HOWEVER, THE MESSERSCHMITTS SUDDENLY BROKE OFF THEIR ATTACK.
THEY'RE NOT PRESSING THEIR LUCK, SKIPPER.
PROBABLY SHORT OF FUEL... IT'S DARNED LUCKY FOR US!
AT LAST THEY WERE OVER THE TARGET AREA. THEY COULD SEE IT QUITE CLEARLY. THERE WAS LITTLE FLAK.
ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...LOOKS LIKE A NICE LEVEL RUN IN, BOMB-AIMER!
YES, SKIPPER... NO CLOUD, NO SMOKE SCREEN. WE'LL SEE THE BOMBS LAND... FIRST CHANCE WE'VE REALLY HAD OF KNOWING IF WE CAN AIM STRAIGHT.

THE GIANT AIRCRAFT LIFTED A LITTLE AS THE BOMBS DROPPED AWAY.
WELL DONE, CHUM! SLAP ON THE TARGET!
POOR BRUTES DOWN THERE!

THE RAID, DESPITE SOME CASUALTIES, WAS A RESOUNDING SUCCESS. THE CREWS WERE ELATED.
WELL, WHERE ARE OUR SPIES NOW, CHUM? NOBODY STOPPED US DROPPING THOSE JERRIES A PACKET!
WE SAW OURS PRANG RIGHT INTO A FACTORY ROOF!
LITTLE DID THEY REALISE THAT THIS WAS ONE RAID THE GERMANS HAD ALLOWED TO SUCCEED.

AFTER THE RAID, SUSPICIONS WERE SLIGHTLY ALLAYED BUT CRIGHTON COULD NOT FORGET THE INCIDENT CONCERNING PARKS, THE RADIO OPERATOR.
I SAY, GEORGE, WHERE'RE YOU OFF TO? COMING OUT TONIGHT, OLD BOY?
NO, 'FRAID NOT. JUST GOING FOR A STROLL ROUND THE FIELD, THEN I'VE SOME... ER... LETTERS I MUST GET OFF...

CRIGHTON'S STROLL TOOK HIM INTO THE DISPERSAL AREA WHERE THE GAUNT OUTLINES OF THE HUGE MACHINES LOOMED STARKLY AGAINST THE EVENING SKY. SUDDENLY, A FLICKER OF LIGHT CAUGHT HIS EYE...
SOMEONE'S MESSING ABOUT IN THE OLD KITE WITH A TORCH! WHO THE HECK...

HE CLIMBED INTO THE FUSELAGE, BUT THERE WAS NO SOUND OF MOVEMENT.
THAT'S FUNNY! HELLO, WHAT'S THAT?
SOMETHING WHITE HAD CAUGHT HIS EYE—ON THE FLOOR UNDERNEATH HIS NAVIGATOR'S TABLE.

CRIGHTON REACHED DOWN— AND TO HIS HORROR, HE RECOGNISED A BUNDLE OF WHITE FLYING SCARVES.
THE MISSING FLYING SCARVES! YES, BY HARRY, ALL TWELVE OF THEM! HOW THE BLAZES DID THEY GET HERE?

SUDDENLY HE HEARD A MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM... AND SPUN ROUND...
WHO THE...?
IT WAS "NOSEY" PARKS STANDING THERE IN THE SHADOWS... A PISTOL IN HIS HAND.
NOSEY! BY HEAVENS— YOU!
YES, CRIGHTON, IT'S *ME!* DON'T YOU THINK IT WAS RATHER FOOLISH TO SEND THOSE GERMAN BOOKS OF YOURS AWAY?

THE NORMALLY IMPERTURBABLE CRIGHTON FELT A MOMENT OF TERROR . . .
WHY, I . . . ER . . .
I WAS IN THE PASSAGE OUTSIDE YOUR ROOM . . . AND I FOLLOWED YOU TO THE STATION. I COULD HAVE SHIFTED SUSPICION RIGHT ON YOU FOR THAT . . . BUT I DIDN'T!
I'M NO SPY! I WAS A DON, A GERMAN PROFESSOR, YOU KNOW THAT! GOOD GRIEF! YOU MUST HAVE PUT THE SCARVES HERE . . . YOU TRIED TO PLANT THEM ON ME!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DID . . . BUT IT WASN'T TO IMPLICATE YOU. I WANTED TO TEST YOUR REACTION — BECAUSE I WANTED TO MAKE SURE OF YOU BEFORE I TOLD YOU SOMETHING.

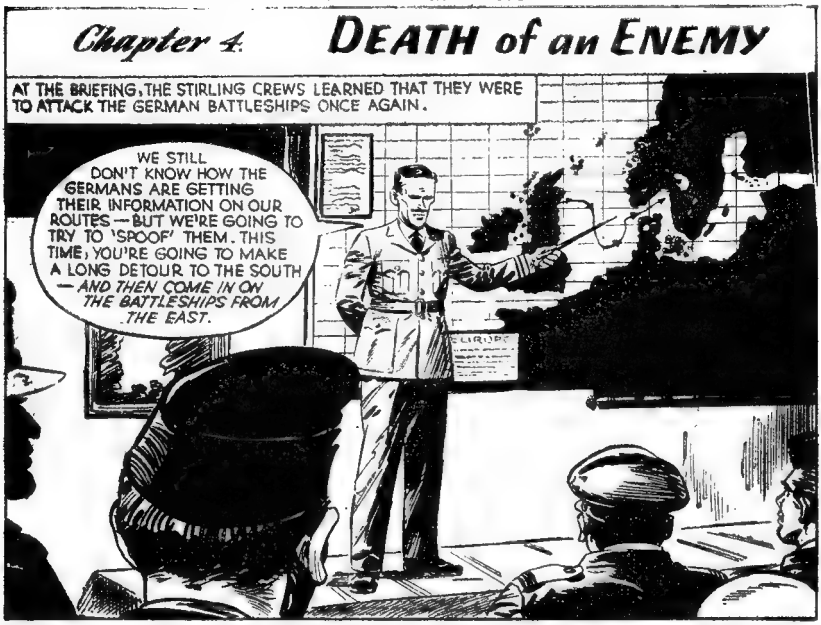
PARKS POCKETED HIS REVOLVER AND BECKONED THE PUZZLED CRIGHTON TO THE NOSE OF THE AIRCRAFT.
LOOK, GEORGE, I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE I FOUND THE SCARVES — STUFFED INTO THIS PARACHUTE. IT'S SAINT-CLÈRE'S. HE LEFT IT BEHIND.
JULIAN SAINT-CLÈRE — THE BOGUS FRENCHMAN!
NEXT, "NOSEY" TOOK THE NAVIGATOR OVER TO HIS WIRELESS SET. THEN HE BROUGHT OUT THE MESSAGE PAD WHICH CRIGHTON RECOGNISED IN A FLASH.
NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHY I WANTED TO BE QUITE SURE ABOUT YOU... YOU MAY BE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN HELP ME! LOOK, HERE'S A MORSE MESSAGE I PICKED UP ON THE LAST TRIP — BUT I CAN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF IT — CAN YOU?
IT'S IN GERMAN! IT GIVES THE POSITION OF OUR PLANE ON THE LAST MISSION — AND THE TIME! I SAW YOU TAKING IT DOWN AND I IMMEDIATELY SUSPECTED YOU!

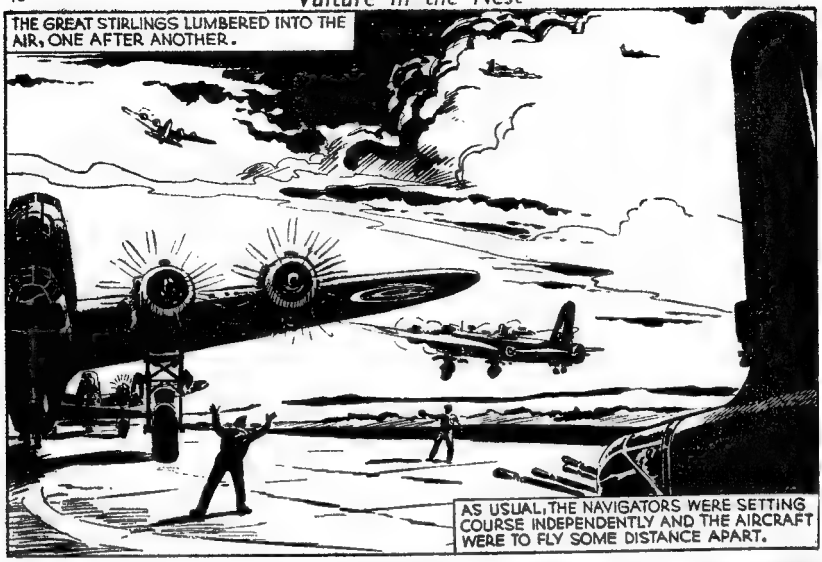
THE RADIO OPERATOR GAZED AT CRIGHTON WITH DAWNING REALISATION — AND BURST OUT LAUGHING.
YOU SUSPECTED ME? GREAT SCOTT, WHAT A LAUGH!
AND YOU SUSPECTED ME? IT'S FUNNY IN A WAY, I SUPPOSE, BUT IF THIS JERRY AGENT ISN'T TRAPPED SOON THE HUMOUR WILL TURN SOUR!
THE TWO MEN THEN DISCUSSED WHAT THEY SHOULD DO ABOUT IT. CRIGHTON, ALWAYS A CAMPAIGNER AGAINST CARELESS TALK, FELT THEY SHOULD TELL NO ONE UNTIL THEY HAD MORE PROOF AND NED AGREED.
FRANKLY, WE DON'T KNOW WHO TO TRUST AND WE DON'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN OFF THE REAL SPY! ANYWAY, WE KNOW HE'S QUITE CAPABLE OF MURDER, AND HE MIGHT DECIDE TO GIVE US THE CHOP.

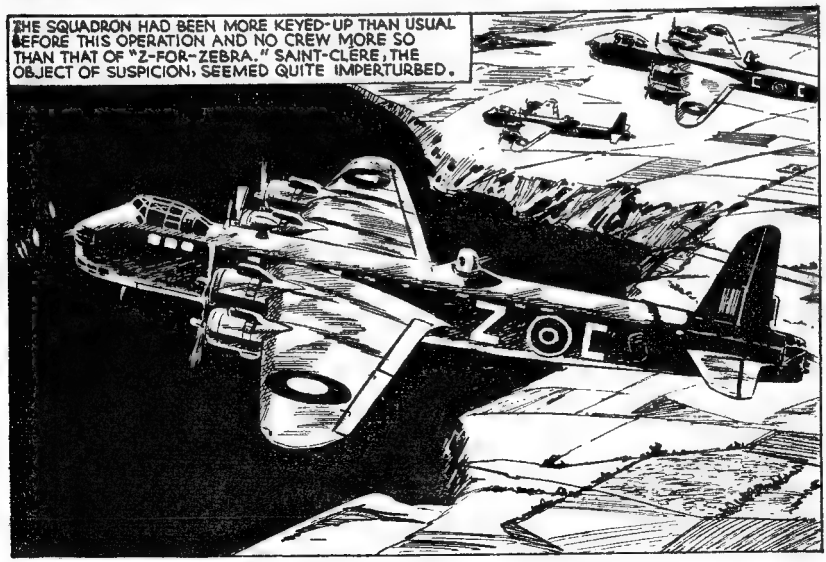
BUT, GEORGE, I THINK WE SHOULD TELL RIJN, DON'T YOU?
YES, I AGREE. HE'S A THUNDERING GOOD TYPE... AND ANYWAY, HE IS THE SKIPPER!
BY THE WAY, I'M AFRAID I ONCE WENT PROWLING ROUND YOUR ROOM. TRIED TO READ ONE OF YOUR GERMAN TOMES... BUT COULDN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF IT. IT WASN'T ONLY THE LANGUAGE— BUT THE EXTRAORDINARY PRINT!
OH, YES, THAT'S THE OLD GERMAN SCRIPT! ALL THEIR BOOKS ARE STILL PRINTED THAT WAY— FUNNY "F's" AND THINGS. TOOK ME SOME TIME TO GET USED TO IT WHEN I STARTED LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

THEY DID NOT CONTACT VAN RIJN TILL THE NEXT MORNING. HE WAS CLEARLY SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED BY THEIR SUSPICIONS.
JULIAN SAINT-CLERE! NO, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S A DARNED GOOD SECOND PILOT. YOU CHAPS MUSTN'T BREAK UP THE TEAM WITH ACCUSATIONS LIKE THAT. IT'S OBVIOUSLY WHAT THE GERMANS WANT US TO DO...
AT THAT MOMENT, A WARNING CAME OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM; CALLING ALL CREWS FOR BRIEFING.
I SAY, GEORGE— WE DIDN'T TELL HIM ABOUT THAT GERMAN MESSAGE IN MORSE.
WELL, IT CAN KEEP FOR THE MOMENT! BUT GO ON LISTENING FOR IT, AS WE FLY INTO THE TARGET TODAY, NOSEY— AND PLUG ME IN! IF WE HEAR IT AGAIN, WE'LL TELL HIM THEN!

Chapter 4. DEATH of an ENEMY




THE GREAT STIRLINGS LUMBERED INTO THE AIR, ONE AFTER ANOTHER.
AS USUAL, THE NAVIGATORS WERE SETTING COURSE INDEPENDENTLY AND THE AIRCRAFT WERE TO FLY SOME DISTANCE APART.


THE SQUADRON HAD BEEN MORE KEYED-UP THAN USUAL BEFORE THIS OPERATION AND NO CREW MORE SO THAN THAT OF "Z-FOR-ZEBRA." SAINT-CLERE, THE OBJECT OF SUSPICION, SEEMED QUITE IMPERTURBED.
Z

NED PARKS, HIS EARPHONES PLUGGED INTO THE MAIN RECEIVER, SAT LISTENING. THEN HE HEARD WHAT HE HAD FEARED, THE SAME QUICK BLEEPING...
HE CAUGHT CRIGHTON'S EYE, INDICATING THAT HE WAS PLUGGING THE NAVIGATOR INTO HIS DUPLICATE SOCKET.

BROW FURROWED, GEORGE CRIGHTON BEGAN TO READ THE DOTS AND DASHES; HIS SCHOLAR'S MIND SWIFTLY INTERPRETING A MESSAGE THAT WAS BEING TRANSMITTED IN *GERMAN*...
POSITION AND SPEED GIVEN IS *EXACTLY OUR OWN.* IT'S GIVEN AWAY THE FLIGHT PLAN OF OUR DETOUR... AND OUR CORRECT E.T.A. IT *IS* SOMEONE IN "*Z-FOR-ZEBRA*"!

AFTER THE TRANSMISSION CEASED, BOTH PARKS AND CRIGHTON SAT WONDERING FOR A MOMENT.
IT'S NOT GOING OUT FROM THE MAIN SET... BUT SIMPLE MORSE COULD CARRY A LONG WAY ON A SMALL ONE. SOMEONE ON BOARD HAS A PORTABLE TRANSMITTER IN HIS POCKET— WITH A TAPPING KEY!
COME TO THINK OF IT... EACH TIME GERMAN FIGHTERS HAVE ATTACKED US, THEY'VE SUDDENLY BROKEN OFF THE ATTACK. I WONDER...?
PRESENTLY CRIGHTON BEGAN WRITING, SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY.

THE NAVIGATOR SENT PARKS UP WITH HIS WRITTEN MESSAGE TO THE CAPTAIN, NOT WANTING ITS CONTENTS TO BE BROADCAST OVER THE INTERCOM...
FROM THE NAVIGATOR, SKIPPER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, RIJN CAME THROUGH ON THE INTERCOM TO CRIGHTON...

NAVIGATOR! I'M CHECKING THE INTERCOM AS YOU REQUESTED IN YOUR NOTE... WHAT'S UP? SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT TO *ME!*

THANKS, SKIPPER... OKAY NOW. SORRY, CAN'T HAVE PLUGGED IN PROPERLY BEFORE.

THEN CRIGHTON SENT PARKS ALONG THE AIRCRAFT WITH THE SAME WRITTEN MESSAGE TO THE OTHERS OF THE CREW. EACH TIME, ONE OF THEIR VOICES CAME CRACKLING THROUGH WITH MUCH THE SAME ANSWER.

HEY, NAV! WHAT IN THE HECK HAVE YOU WRITTEN DOWN HERE? CAN'T READ A WORD OF IT!

THANKS, CHUM... THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! FORGET IT!

WHILE THIS WAS GOING ON, CRIGHTON SUDDENLY REQUESTED THE CAPTAIN FOR A RADICAL CHANGE OF COURSE.

...BUT THAT TAKES US DIRECTLY *EAST!* OUR GENERAL COURSE IS *SOUTH*, SURELY.

YES, SKIPPER... BUT THIS IS A SMALL AUTHORISED DETOUR, ROUND THAT FLAK NEAR TROUVILLE.

RIJN FOLLOWED HIS INSTRUCTIONS; BUT CRIGHTON ALONE KNEW THAT THIS NEW COURSE POINTED DIRECTLY TOWARD THEIR TARGET.

PUZZLED ANSWERS TO CRIGHTON'S WRITTEN MESSAGE WERE STILL COMING THROUGH FROM OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CREW.
SORRY, NAV! CAN'T READ IT.

WHEN PARKS FINALLY CAME BACK FROM DELIVERING THE MESSAGE, CRIGHTON DREW THE RADIO OPERATOR'S FACE CLOSE TO HIS — AND SHOUTED IN HIS EAR.
NOW, NED, CHECK THAT NOTHING'S GOING OUTSIDE ON THE R.T.! GET PLUGGED INTO THE INTERCOM AGAIN — AND STAND BY FOR TROUBLE!

FOR A MOMENT, THERE WAS NO SOUND BUT THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE FOUR HERCULES ENGINES... THEN NED INDICATED HE WAS READY. CRIGHTON'S VOICE CAME CLEARLY OVER THE INTERCOM.
NAVIGATOR SPEAKING, SKIPPER! IT SEEMS WE'VE BEEN FLYING WITH A SPY IN OUR CREW. I'VE BEEN SUSPICIOUS FOR SOME TIME... AND NOW I KNOW!
MY MESSAGE WAS IN ENGLISH ALL RIGHT — BUT I WROTE IT IN GERMAN SCRIPT! ONLY ONE MAN AMONGST US COULD READ IT — AND THAT MAN WAS YOU, VAN RIJN! YOU ARE A GERMAN SPY!

RIJN'S UNSUSPECTED KNOWLEDGE OF GERMAN WAS LITTLE ENOUGH EVIDENCE... BUT CRIGHTON HAD TAKEN A CHANCE— AND THE RESULT WAS IMMEDIATE AND DRAMATIC!
CURSE YOU, CRIGHTON! CURSE YOU ALL! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET...
FACE CONTORTED, VAN RIJN SET THE AIRCRAFT ON "AUTOMATIC PILOT"... AND AT ONCE HE DREW A GUN.
WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, HE TURNED AND SHOT JULIAN SAINT-CLERE, HIS SECOND PILOT IN COLD BLOOD.
AAGH....!

AS SAINT-CLERE SLUMPED INTO HIS SEAT WITH A GROAN, VAN RIJN TURNED TOWARDS THE REAR OF THE PLANE, A FANATICAL GLARE IN HIS EYE.
NOW I'M THE ONLY PILOT LEFT... THEY DAREN'T KILL ME! BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT INQUISITIVE FOOL, PARKS, SENDING AN S.O.S.
BUT NED HAD HEARD JULIAN'S SICKENING GASP OVER THE INTERCOM... AND AS VAN RIJN CAME TOWARD HIM, HE WAS READY...
TAKE THAT, YOU NAZI SWINE!

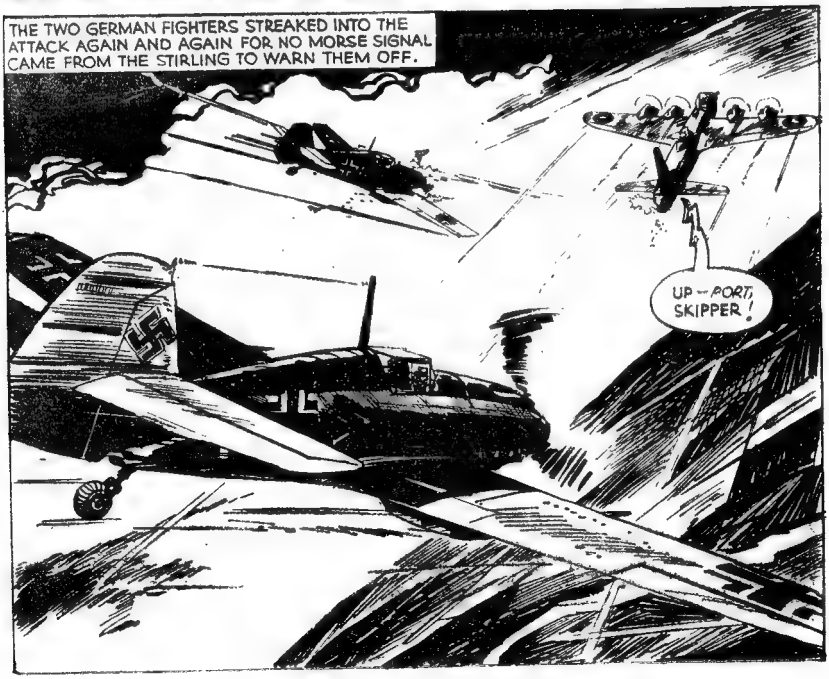
AT THAT MOMENT, THE GIANT AIRCRAFT LURCHED VIOLENTLY, THROWING RIJN, PARKS AND CRIGHTON ABOUT THE FUSELAGE.
WHAT THE...!
BLAZES!
HIMMEL! THIS WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE...

JULIAN WAS, IN FACT, NOT DEAD. WOUNDED AND BLEEDING, HE HAD STRUGGLED NOW INTO THE FIRST PILOT'S SEAT AND RELEASED THE AUTOMATIC PILOT...
I MUST... MUST HOLD HER STEADY...WHILE THE OTHERS GET HIM!
JULIAN GUESSED THAT CRIGHTON HAD SET THE COURSE TO THE TARGET.

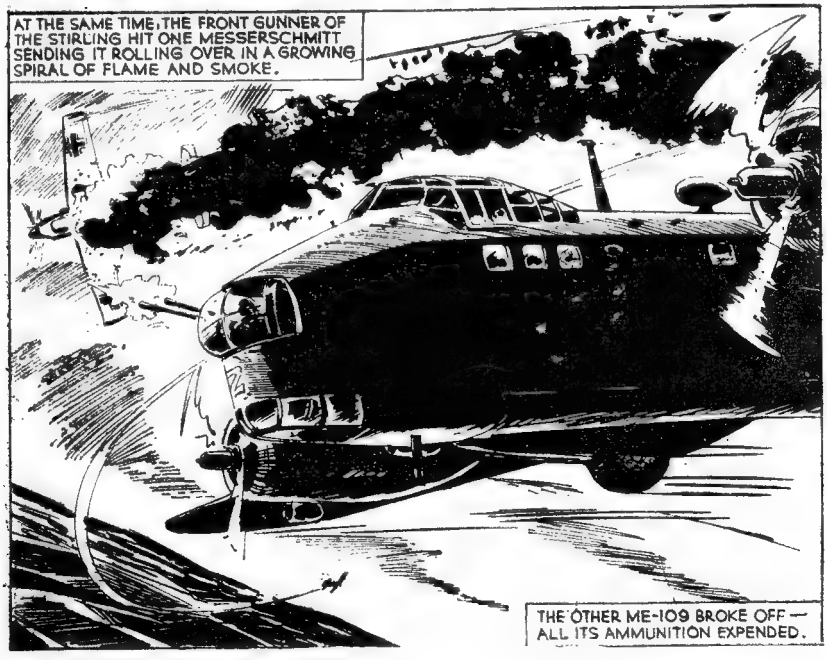
HE PLUGGED HIS HELMET INTO THE SOCKET OF THE FIRST PILOT'S POSITION — AND HEARD A TENSE, STRANGLED CRY FROM THE REAR GUNNER.
BANDITS! BANDITS! COMING UP ASTERN! CAN YOU HEAR ME? WHO'S AT THE CONTROLS?
ROGER, REAR GUNNER! I HEAR YOU. THIS IS SAINT-CLÈRE! KEEP ME INFORMED...

THE THREE MEN IN THE FUSELAGE WERE NOW STRUGGLING DESPERATELY FOR POSSESSION OF THE PISTOL, STUMBLING AND STAGGERING ACROSS THE REARING AND BUCKING FUSELAGE.

IT WAS RIJN WHO GOT TO THE PISTOL FIRST... HE CLUTCHED DESPERATELY AT ONE OF THE MAIN LONGERONS, SUPPORTING HIMSELF WHILE HE TOOK AIM.
I HAVE ONLY TO SHOOT THESE TWO — AND I SHALL BE MASTER OF THE AIRCRAFT AGAIN!


THE TWO GERMAN FIGHTERS STREAKED INTO THE ATTACK AGAIN AND AGAIN FOR NO MORSE SIGNAL CAME FROM THE STIRLING TO WARN THEM OFF.
UP — PORT, SKIPPER!

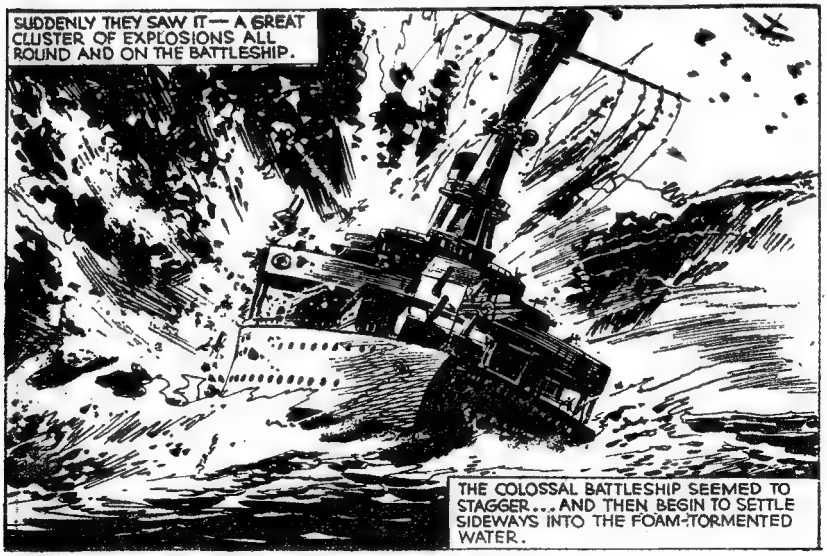
THE WEAKENED SECOND-PILOT WAS SLOW TO RESPOND — AND A MURDEROUS HAIL RIPPED INTO THE STIRLING'S FUSELAGE.
NOW I'VE GOT YOU — THIS'LL PUT YOU... AAAAAGH!
IT WAS RIJN'S OWN BODY THAT TOOK THE FUEL BRUNT OF THE GERMAN FIGHTER'S CANNON SHELLS.


AT THE SAME TIME, THE FRONT GUNNER OF THE STIRLING HIT ONE MESSERSCHMITT SENDING IT ROLLING OVER IN A GROWING SPIRAL OF FLAME AND SMOKE.
THE OTHER ME-109 BROKE OFF — ALL ITS AMMUNITION EXPENDED.

QUICKLY, GEORGE CRIGHTON PLUGGED INTO THE INTERCOM AGAIN, CALLING JULIAN, ASKING IF HE WAS ALL RIGHT.
YES, NAV... I THINK I CAN MAKE IT. I'M STILL HOLDING YOUR COURSE. WHAT NOW?
RUN'S DYING— IT'S ALL OVER NOW! KEEP HER THERE. I'LL GIVE YOU AN ADJUSTMENT IN A MINUTE. I'LL GET CONTROL TO RECALL THE OTHERS... I DAREN'T SAY ANYTHING ELSE OVER THE AIR, OR WE'LL LOSE OUR SURPRISE!

SOON, THEY WERE MOVING DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE TARGET FROM THE WEST, AN HOUR AHEAD OF THE SCHEDULE THAT RIJN HAD GIVEN AWAY BY MORSE. FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE GERMAN BATTLESHIPS WERE TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE.
THERE THEY ARE— THE BEAUTIES! THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US YET... HOLD HER AS YOU GO, JULIAN — AND WE'LL GET THE "VON BERN".

THEY ALL FELT THE IMMENSE STIRLING LURCH UPWARDS AS HER HUGE BOMBS FELL AWAY.
BOMBS GONE!
AND THE FLAK'S OPENING UP... LET'S GET TO HECK OUT OF HERE!


SUDDENLY THEY SAW IT — A GREAT CLUSTER OF EXPLOSIONS ALL ROUND AND ON THE BATTLESHIP.
THE COLOSSAL BATTLESHIP SEEMED TO STAGGER... AND THEN BEGIN TO SETTLE SIDEWAYS INTO THE FOAM-TORMENTED WATER.

ON THE FLOOR, BY THE NAVIGATOR'S TABLE, THE MAN THEY KNEW AS JAN VAN RIJN LAY WEAKLY CHOKING OUT HIS LAST BREATH. THEY PLUGGED IN HIS HELMET TO THE NEAREST INTERCOM SOCKET.
DID YOU... DID YOU GET THEM ?
WE GOT ONE OF THEM— THE "VON BERN."

RIJN WAS GETTING WEAKER AND WEAKER... HIS WORDS GREW FAINTER AND MORE SPASMODIC.
THEN I — I FAILED! ANOTHER DEAD — DEAD HERO — FOR THE FATHERLAND, EH ?
THEN HIS HEAD FELL ON HIS CHEST AND HE DIED.

WITH THE AID OF CRIGHTON, THE WOUNDED JULIAN BROUGHT THE BATTERED STIRLING BACK TO BASE WHERE IT WAS MET BY A JUBILANT STATION COMMANDER.
BUT THERE WAS NO JUBILANCE IN GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS WHEN THEY HEARD OF THE SINKING OF ONE OF THEIR PRIZE BATTLESHIPS.
SO! YOU WILL HAVE THE NAME OF *JOHANN VON RIHNE* CROSSED OFF OUR LIST! HIS NAME WILL NOT BE SPOKEN OF AGAIN.
JA, MY GENERAL. I ALWAYS DOUBTED WHETHER AN AGENT LIVING CHEEK BY JOWL WITH THE ENGLANDERS FOR SO LONG *WOULD REMAIN LOYAL TO OUR CAUSE.* NOW WE KNOW...

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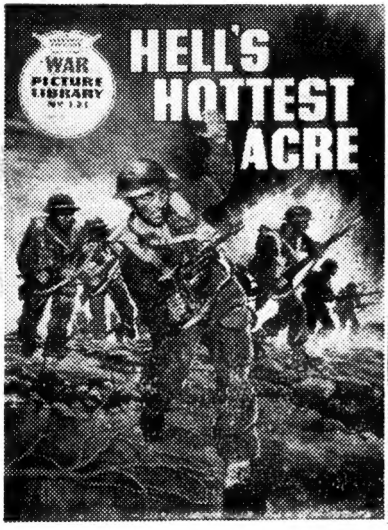

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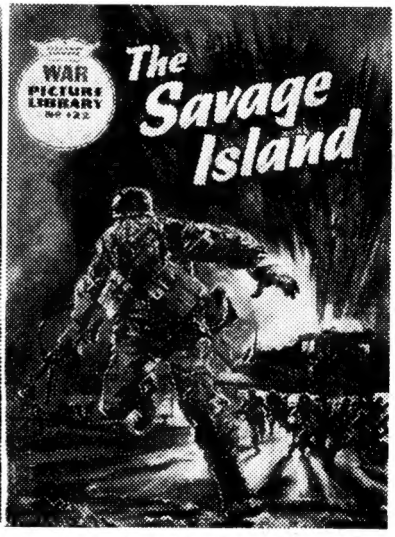

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